

NBC

ADVERTISER S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.

WRITER DON QUINN

PROGRAM TITLE "FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY" (#72)

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET WMAQ

(7:00-7:30 P.M.)

(AUGUST 24, 1936)

(MONDAY, DAY)

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

Handwritten signature

Handwritten initials HW

Delective

Page 2.

ORK: FANFARE

WIL: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM!

ORK: THEME "SAVE YOUR SORROW"

WIL: GOOD EVENING EVERYONE! THE MAKERS OF JOHNSONS WAX
PRESENT MARIAN AND JIM AS FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY. TED
WEEMS AND HIS ORCHESTRA OPEN THE SHOW WITH... "THRILLS".

THRILL 'EM, THEODORE!

ORK: "THRILLS."

APPLAUSE:

WIL: FIRST COMMERCIAL:

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC. - FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY - WMAQ - 7:00 PM
MONDAY - AUGUST 24, 1936 - RED NETWORK

FIRST COMMERCIAL

The short announcement which I want to make here should be of interest to everybody who owns an automobile. So attention, please! The makers of Johnson's Wax in celebration of their 50th Anniversary are offering a can of Johnson's Auto Wax free of charge. Just go to your service station, auto supply stor or regular wax dealer and ask for Johnson's Free Gift Anniversary package. This special package contains a pint of Johnson's Auto Cleaner and a full size can of Johnson's Auto Wax. You pay 59¢ for the Cleaner (this is less than the regular selling price) and you get the full size can of Johnson's Auto Wax Free.

The supply of these Free Gift Packages is limited. So get your free can of Johnson's Auto Wax without delay.

Page 2.

SECOND COMMERCIAL:

It won't take you long to make your car shine like new again with Johnson's Auto Cleaner. This remarkable new liquid cleaner dries quickly to a white powder. When you wipe off the powder along goes all the old dirt and road film -- leaving the car bright as a mirror.

Now if you have just bought a new car, and want to keep it shining -- protected from scratches and stains, be sure to wax the finish -- and naturally you will want to use Johnson's Auto Wax.

Right here let me remind you that you can get a full size can of Johnson's Auto Wax free if you go to your dealer at once. Ask for Johnson's Free Gift Anniversary Package containing a pint of Johnson's Auto Cleaner and a full size can of Johnson's Auto Wax. You pay only for the cleaner, the small price of 59¢. The Auto Wax IS GIVEN TO YOU FREE OF CHARGE.

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Page 3.

THIRD COMMERCIAL:

"Less work and more play" -- that's what most women want (and should have) during the hot summer months. That's why millions of housewives have become so enthusiastic about Johnson's Glo-Coat. This remarkable no-rubbing floor polish is so easy to use. It dries in 20 minutes and leaves a beautiful polish on floors and linoleum. You don't have to do any rubbing or buffing. Just put Glo-Coat on the floor and forget about it until it's dry. From that time on your floors will be much easier to care for. Dirt and dust can't cling to the shining surface. The polish is tough and long wearing and it saves the floor underneath, from getting worn and shabby looking.

Ask your dealer for Glo-Coat -- spelled G-L-O hyphen C-O-A-T. It comes in the attractive yellow can -- and remember you save money by ordering the larger sizes.

This is the Red Network of the National Broadcasting Company.

mc: 8/20/36
3:05 PM

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mc: 8/20/36
3:05 PM

ORK: MCGEE THEME - "RIDIN' AROUND IN THE ETCETERA" (DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT)

WIL: IT'S A BALMY SUMMER EVENING AT WISTFUL VISTA. (AND IT'S GOING TO GET BALMIER BY THE MINUTE.) FIBBER AND MOLLY STARTED OUT FOR A STROLL. BUT WITH FIBBERS MARVELOUS CAPACITY FOR MAKING A NUISANCE OF HIMSELF, HE THOUGHT IT MIGHT BE A CHUMMY IDEA TO DROP IN AT THE DETECTIVE BUREAU FOR A CHAT WITH THE BOYS. SO HERE, ~~MAKING THEMSELVES AT HOME IN THE OFFICE OF HORATIO K. BOOMER, THE CHIEF OF DETECTIVES, WE~~
pulling
FIND - FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: Yes sir, Molly, that was the toughest case my detective agency ever solved.

BLOTTO: Is that so?

FIB: Yes sir, they was hardly a clue to that gals' murderer... except a penny box of matches. And I solved the crime with that!

MOL: McGee...how did you solve a crime with a penny box o' matches?

FIB: I struck 'em one at a time and read her diary. AHEM.

FIB: Yessir, ^{chief} ~~bud~~, every time my detective agency runs into a crime, I solved it like a flash. Deducing got to be kind of a game with me.

MOL: With deduces wild.

BLOT: YES YES...VERY INTERESTING I'M SURE.. VERY INTERESTING... LIKE TO GIVE YOU A PRACTICAL TEST, MY LITTLE SHERLOCK HOLMES. YOUR BOASTS HAVE SORT OF STRUCK MY FANCY...YES YES...MY VILO PHANCY...NOW THEN...WHAT DO YOU DEDUCE FROM A CLOSE STRUTINY OF MY PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

MOL: And remember yer manners, McGee.

FIB: Well sir, Bud, I deduce that you're wife is visitin' relatives this week and you're keepin' batchelor quarters and your wife is a large woman who wears a striped sweater and shorts and she'll be home August 30th.

MOL: Well heavenly days. Is he right, Mr. Detective?

~~DICK~~ *Precisely*
He ~~sure is~~ sister. How'd you figure that out, McGee?

FIB: Well, I knowed your wife was away on account o' two buttons missin' off your vest and hole in your sock. I knew you was keepin' batchelor quarters on account o' because they's some egg on your necktie and men always cook eggs when their wife is away.

MOL: How'd you know she was visitin' relatives?

FIB: On account o' because that's a female's idea of a vacation.

DICK: How did you know she was large and wore a striped sweater and shorts?

FIB: Deduced it, bud. AHEM. You wouldnt be so scared of her if she was little and I never seen a big gal yet that didnt like to wear a striped sweater and shorts.

DICK: What makes you think I'm afraid of her?

FIB: Look at the calendar over there on the wall. On August 30th it says in your handwritin'...POKER GAME WITH FIRE DEPARTMENT...and then it's crossed out. So I knowed she was comin' home then. That bein' the only reason fer bustin' a poker date. AHEM. Have a cigar, Chief?

DICK: No thanks. I got one.

FIB: Ye got two? AHEM. Thanks. Well sir, as I was sayin' a minute ago, with modern scientific methods o' crime detection...

TELEPHONE:

FIB: I'll get it, chief. HELLO. YES. SERGEANT. WHAT?
CHESTER CHEKSTUB MISSING EH. WHO YOU GOT? THE VALET?
WELL SEND HIM IN, SARGE. OKAY (CLICK) Git that, Chief?
Git that, Molly? Chester Chekstub the Billionaire Dept.
Store owner is been took for a ride.

MOL: Heavenly days!

BLOT: IS THAT SO! MCGEE WE MUST SOLVE THIS CASE. OR I'M THRU.
CHESTER CHEKSTUB IS BIG STUFF....

FIB: Well, I kin be seen with the naked eye, myself, son.

KNOCK AT DOOR: SLAM.

FIB: Ah! Here's the valet now!

RED: (FADE IN) OH SIR...IT'S 'orrible...simply 'orrible, sir.

MOL: Sit down and calm yerself, my boy.

FIB: All right now bud. You're Chester Chekstub's valet, ain't ye?

RED: Oh yes sir. Me name is 'orace, sir. 'Is gentleman's gentleman sir, you might say. As used to be second man wif Mrs Astor.

MOL: Oh yes. You remember, McGee. Mrs. Astor's Horace?

FIB: The sergeant says Checkstub left a note sayin' he was bein' took for a ride. Where'd you find the note?

RED: Stuck in the liquor cabinet sir...where 'e knew I'd find it, sir...bless 'his 'heart!

BLOT: Let's see it!

FIB: Oh boy is THIS somethin'. It's been torn in two...like somebody'd tried to grab it away from him. Listen.
"AM BEING TAKEN FOR RIDE BY BOSS OF UNDERW---rest is torn off
HE REFUSES TO. ...torn there, too....

~~UNTIL SOMEBODY FINDS BODY...that'll all on that line.~~

~~ASK HELP...torn place.. BEFORE MIDNIGHT.~~

(SIGNED) CHESTER CHEKSTUB.

MOL: That U.N.D.E.R.W. - must mean UNDERWORLD.

RED: Oh the poor mahster. And 'Im so 'ale and 'earty when I saw 'im last.

FIB: You go on home bud before ye git historical. Go on now.
We'll find him if it's the last thing we do.

MOL: And it probably will be.

DOOR SLAM.

BLOT: A fine state of affairs..yes yes...a fine state..one of our leading citizens..

FIB: Well listen, Boomer, old boy We gotta have action. Who's the big shot in the underworld now?

BLOT: Butch Weems.

MOL: Does he work alone?

BLOT: No..he has quite a band, I understand.

FIB: THAT'S ALL I WANTA KNOW. Come on, Molly. Come on, Boomer.
4 Squad car's ready...

SOUND: FEET FADING RAPIDLY..DOOR SLAM.

SOUND: CAR DOORS..MOTOR UP...GEARS SHIFT...SIREN SOUND WAY UP AND DOWN.

MOL: I always wanted to ride in one of these things. Turn on the radio, officer.

BLOT: Yes yes, my little gun-molly.

SOUND: RADIO VOICE: CALLING CAR D-41...CAR D-41. CAR-D-41 ATTENTION

BLOT: LISTEN CLOSELY PLEASE...THAT'S OUR CAR NUMBER...

RADIO VOICE: CAR D41. STOP AT HARRY'S HAMBURGER PALACE AND BRING THE COMMISSIONER TWO WITH MUSTARD. THAT'S ALL.

SOUND: MOTOR UP WITH SIREN.

MOL: Wonderful what they're doing with radio these days. I always --

RADIO VOICE: ATTENTION CAR D41...CALLING CAR D 41...CAR D 41....

@CORRECTION. MAKE THAT PICCALILLI INSTEAD OF MUSTARD!

ORK: CHASER:

APPLAUSE:

ORK: "CANADIAN CAPERS"

-- ELMO THE CHIRP.

APPLAUSE:

ORK: MCGEE THEME, "RIDIN' AROUND." (DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT)

WIL: WELL AS YOU PROBABLY HEARD...THAT WAS BUTCH WEEMS AND HIS GANG WITH ELMO TANNER, ALIS THE CHIRP, GIVING US THE BIRD. FIBBER AND MOLLY AND THE CHIEF OF DETECTIVES GO OVER THE SCENE OF THE CRIME INSIDE THE CHEKSTUB MANSION, AT 14th AND OAK STREETS. HERE ARE FIBBER AND MOLLY INTERVIEWING SUSPECTS.

FIB: All right. You. What's your name?

GIRL: Hortense O'Squnk.

FIB: Oh it tis eh? Ain't you know to the police in Peoria as Parlormaid Polly the Purse Picker?

GIRL: I...I dont think so.

FIB: Oh ye dont think so.

GIRL: No. I've never been in Peoria.

FIB: All right, I was jes...WHY DID YE KILL HIM?

GIRL: SCREAMS

MOL: Heavenly days, McGee....you'll scare the poor girl to death.

FIB: I know what I'm doin', Molly. She's coverin' up somethin'. LISTEN, sis...WHY DID YE KILL HIM. (PAUSE) YE DID KILL HIM DIDNT YE?

GIRL: Y-yes..I did. But I didnt mean..any harm.

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FIB: (LAUGHS) Git that, Molly. She admits killin' him...
but she didnt mean any harm.

MOL: Well maybe it was accidental.

GIRL Not it wasnt. I killed him on purpose.

FIB: WHY?

GIRL: HE BIT ME.

FIB: A likely story. A nice old feller like Mr. Checkstub
bitin' you?

GIRL Ohhh HIM. I thought you meant that fly I killed in the
dining room.

MOL: (LAUGHS) Hah hah...McGee...the fly cop!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Makin' a mock o' the law, that's what they are. Scoffin' at
justice. What gits me down is...PAUSE) Psssttt, Molly.

MOL: (STAGE WHISPER) What.?

FIB: I HEARD A NOISE OUTSIDE THE DOOR...SOMEBODY'S LISTENIN'. Go
throw it open.

MOL: No. YOU go throw it open.

FIB: No you go. I'll sit here and keep ye covered.

MOL: I dont want to...

FIB: Go on, Molly. Throw it open. Remember, I'm right behind ye.

MOL: I'LL ALWAYS remember that. All right..here goes nothin'.

SOUND: DOOR LATCH.

MOL: COME OUT O' THERE, YE EAVESDROPPIN' MURDERER!

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FIB: (OFF MIKE) All right bud...walk right over here to the desk.
I've got ye covered. Shut the door, Molly.

DOOR SLAM.

FIB: Listenin' outside the door eh? TAKE OFF YOUR HAT! NOW THEN..
WHAY WAS YE LISTENIN' AT THE DOOR?

MAN: I wanted to hear what you were saying.

MOL: Ham. Frank, isn't he, McGee?

MAN: No. I'm Henry.

FIB: Well listen, Henry. Dont get smart. HOWD YOU GET THAT CUT
ON YOUR FACE?

MAN: From a razor, while shaving.

FIB: OH NO YE DIDNT. YOU GOT THAT SHAVE IN A BARBER SHOP.

MOL: How could ye tell, McGee?

FIB: He's got a fresh shine, a fresh manicure and he smells like
Hair Tonic. Get that, Molly? He's BALD and smells like
HAIR TONIC. That's a barber's work!

MOL: Marvelous, McGee.

MAN: All right. I did get a shave in a barber shop. But the
barber cut me.

FIB: A LIKELY STORY. You dont expect...WHY DID YE KILL HIM.

MAN: I didnt kill him. But I only tipped him a dime.

MOL: No no no, he means why did ye kill Mr. Checkstub?

MAN: I didnt. But I'd like to know who did.

Page 11.

FIB: Oh somebody beat ye to it, eh? ALL RIGHT. WHAT'S YOUR NAME AND WHERE DO YE WORK? He's the criminal type all right, Molly. No lobes on his ears.

MAN: My name is HENRY HANDCUFF AND I'M THE POLICE COMMISSIONER.

MOL: Heavenly days --- the pol

FIB: The commis-... (LAUGHS NERVOUSLY) That's what I thought, all the time. Jest wanted to show ye we was on the job, Boss. Did...er...did ...er.. how was the hamburgers?

MAN: TERRIBLE. THEY GOT ME KETCHUP INSTEAD OF PICCALLILI.

DOOR SLAM.

MOL: Before you interview the next suspect, McGee...let's look through this book.

FIB: I aint got time to read a book now, Molly. I -

MOL: This is the rogue's gallery iggermuts. Volume #23. ~~The chief thought we'd like to look it over.~~

FIB: Say it IS kinda interesting' at that aint it? That one looks familiar.. that face there. What's it say about him?

MOL: It says...NUMBER 234-567 J. NAME. WILCOX. STITCHES WILCOX, Alias Harpe Alias Barlow, alias Harlow. Just discharged from hospital.

FIB: Was he sick?

MOL: Do ye think he just went there to get some flowers?

Page 12.

FIB: AHEM. Read good picture of him aint it, Molly?

MOL: Wonderful. I could almost expect him to speak.

WIL: Well if I did, I'D SPEAK ABOUT THE QUICK AND SAFE JOB JOHNSONS AUTO CLEANER AND POLISH DOES ON YOUR CAR.

FIB: Hey, Harpo

WIL: Hello, Fibber. Hello, Molly.

MOL: Glad to see you back, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Thanks.

FIB: AHEM. Harpo

WIL: Yes,

FIB: We're workin' on a murder case here.

WIL: What about it?

FIB: Well dont ye think one at a time is enough?

WIL: Oh all right. I can take a hint. But this is a fine reception for an old con

MOL: Convict?

WIL: No. - CONVALESCENT' DOOR SLAM.

MOL: Poor Mr. Wilcox And him just out of the hospital with an appendicitis operation.

FIB: Was it expensive?

MOL: ^{3 damn} How should I know. Why did ye ask?

FIB: Well..I always says that what this country needs is a good five cent scar. AHEM. Look at this next picture, Molly. Whos that?

Page 12.

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WIL: Hello, Fibber. Hello, Molly.
MOL: Glad to see you back, Mr. Wilcox.
WIL: Thanks.
FIB: AHM. Harpo
WIL: Yes,
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five cent scar. AHM. Look at this next picture, Molly.
Whos that?

Page 13.

MOL: That's Butch Weems.
FIB: What's his racket?
MOL: He's a dance bandit.
FIB: Has he done time?
MOL: Yes...mostly 6/8.
FIB: Well..I dunno how we're gonna git anyplace with a bunch
o' pictures.
MOL: Look where Shirley Temple got.
FIB: Listen Molly. This is serious. We got a flock o' killers
to deal with now. And they wont stop at nothin'. So ----

PHONE RINGS:

FIB: Hello...hello...yes...Fibber McGee speakin'. Detective McGee. AHM. OH YE HAVE EH? WELL BRING HIM IN. (CLICK) They're bring in that ^{Butch}Weems guy, Molly. Fix the light so it shines on his face.

MOL: He'll ~~probably~~ take a bow, if I do.

DOOR LATCH:

COP: HERE'S BUTCH WEEMS BOSS...SHALL I STICK AROUND. HE'S TOUGH

FIB: I kin handle him, Officer. Sit down Weems. So you're BUTCH WEEMS ARE YOU?

TED: Who did you think? Stokowski?

MOL: Quiet, Mr. Weems.

TED: Okay, Molly.

FIB: QUIET. NOW THEN. Where was you comin' from when my men picked yo up in the subway?

MOL: How'd you know they picked him up in the subway?

FIB: Look how his shoes have been trampled on. AHM. Now then-

TED: Say do you mind if I fix this light? It shines right in my eyes.

SOUND: OLINKS

TED: There. That's better.

FIB: AHM. Listen, Butch. I understand you got quite a record.

TED: Sure I have. We made several for Victor.

~~MOL: No, Mr. Weems. We mean your criminal record.~~

~~TED: Ohhhh THAT. You remember when we played KNOCK KNOCK last week?~~

~~MOL: Yes.~~

~~TED: Well, I took the rap on that.~~

FIB: AHM. Listen, Butch Weems. This is serious. I understand some of your boys have done time, too.

TED: Oh yes. You knew Parker Gibbs?

FIB: Sure.

TED: Well last time we played he was behind several bars. Take it or leave it.

MOL: We saw your picture in the rogues gallery too.

TED: Did it do me justice?

FIB: You dont want justice. You want mercy. Your number was 234-568-J.

TED: Oh that was my LAST number.

MOL: Oh. Well what's your NEXT number?

TED: RENDEZVOUS WITH A DREAM. WITH SING SING COMO. Come in, Boys!

ORK: "RENDEZVOUS WITH A DREAM" --

-- COMO

APPLAUSE:

2nd REG: COMMERCIAL

TELEPHONE:

FIB: Hello...yes. Detective McGee...speakin'. Okay. Send him in. It's the furnace tendre, Molly.

MOL: Kinda suspicious him bein' here in this weather.

DOOR LATCH:

FIB: ALL RIGHT BUD...SIT DOWN THERE..IN THE LIGHT...WHY DID YE KILL HIM?

SIL: Kill who, please, Mist' McGee?

MOL: Oh heavenly days...Silly Watson.

FIB: Hiyah, Sil.

SIL: Hiyah boss. Hiyah, ma'am. Ah din' kill nobody suh. That I kin remembeh.

~~MOL: Well this murder was so recent it COULDN'T of slipped your mind, Silvius.~~

FIB: ~~Sorry Sil.~~ But you' re a suspect like eftybody else till we git this cleared up. SEE THIS NOTE?

SIL: Yassuh. Wa's it say, please suh?

FIB: IT SAYS...AM BEING TAKEN FOR RIDE BY BOSS OF UNDERW--
oh well...

FIB: Did you write it?

SIL: No suh.

FIB: Why not?

SIL: Ah dunno suh. Recken ah neveh thought of it. Shall I write one now suh?

MOL: No thanks. We've got one.

FIB: *well* Where was you between the hours of eleven o'clock and ~~3 A.M.~~, Sil?

SIL: Wah?

FIB: I says, you got a alibi fer the hours between 11 P.M. and 3 A.M. This mornin'?

SIL: Yassuh, ~~it~~ has.

MOL: See, McGee? I told you he was innocent?

FIB: What's your alibi, Sil?

SIL: *Yassuh* Well, Mist' McGee...all durin' that time I was asleep, please boss.

FIB: *A libal story* Well dad rat it...if you was asleep, how could you have an alibi?

SIL: Oh that's easy suh. Ah et too many bahbecued speh-ribs las' night befo' ah went to bed.

MOL: Yes...

SIL: And 'ah DREAMS all night...ah dreamed ah was washin' windows fo' Mistah Toops and he was scached ah'd fall out, please suh if yo' don' believe me you jest ask Mr. Toops.

FIB: Well, Molly. Looks like Silly's covered, dont it? I'll check up with Mort Toops as a matter o' routine. AHEM. Okay Sil. You can go.

SIL: Yassuh.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Ye know what'll gonna do now, Molly? Search the house.

Goin' over it with a fine-tooth comb.

MOL: I see. Skull-duggery.

FIB: Ye see, if they any clues...

SOUND: KNOCK KNOCK

MOL: *where there.*
Come in!
Police. *Please can I bring this girl in*

SOUND: DOOR LATCH

GOP: Hey boss...we got 'er!

FIB: Eh? Got who?

GOP: The Moll. The Chief rounded her up. You know...she runs wit' the Weems gang. They call 'er the Orchid.

MOL: Heavenly days...the Orchid. Because she runs around with the orchidstra, I suppose.

FIB: Quiet, Molly.

GOP: The boys says she's real beautiful ma'am. I aint ever seen her myself, she always wears a veil.

FIB: Wears a veil eh? Well listen here, officer. I DONT CARE HOW BEAUTIFUL SHE IS...it wont affect me none.

MOL: I've heard of women like here, McGee...wicked and beautiful. They lure men to destruction. All fer the sake of a pretty face. Ahhhhh me.

FIB: Bring 'er in, Sarge.

GOP: Okay Boss.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: My necktie straight, Molly?

MOL: What do you care?

FIB: AHEM.

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

MOL: Oh dear...get that smirk off yer face, McGee.

FIB: AHEM. (SWEETLY) So you're the beautiful Orchid, are ye?

The Gun Moll o' the Weems gang. Lemme see your face.

(PAUSE) I SAYS TAKE OFF THE VEIL, SIS. I dont care how gorgeous ye are. I kin take it.

Oh...SO YE WONT TALK EH? OKAY? I'll fix ye!

MOL: McGee. what are ye goin to do?

FIB: I'm gonnarip this veil off...now then, my proud beauty!

SOUND: RIPPING

(PAUSE)

WHEE: Well, skippy...are ye satisfied?

FIB: Well fer the...are you the orchid?

WHEE: That's me, sonny. That's what they call me. The orchid.

FIB: Kinda wilted aint ye granmaw?

WHEE: Well sonny, you're fresh enough for both of us.

FIB: Well listen Orchid. Where was you between eleven last night and 7 this mornin'?

WHEE: I was seein' a man bout a ostrich.

FIB: Oh! ^{dearly story} A smart dame, eh?

WHEE: Oh no. That's on the level, shorty. You see, I'm teachin' my granddaughter fan dancing and I had to see a man about some feathers.

FIB: Whaddye you know about Chester Checkstub the billionaire department store man?

FIB: BEIN' TOOK FOR A RIDE?

WHEE: Oh no. I dont go in for that stuff nowadays. You know that...I stick to shoplifting myself. It's more genteel.

FIB: Married?

WHEE: I was ...but I left my husband.

FIB: Why?

WHEE: Well, I like a man with nerve, sonny. And ever since the police raided us and took all our guns he wont do anything. Says he just hasnt got the gats for it any more. Well so long boys...I gotta go pick myself up a fall outfit. Gimme my veil.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Hmm. Now we're gettin' someplace.

MOL: Where?

Humorous Cam. Check inserted

I dont think that operation did Cam a bit of good

FIB: Well if we keep weedin' out the suspects, Molly, we're bound to find the guilty party. I'm gonna search the house. HEY CHIEF!

BLOT: (FADE IN) Yes yes.. what is it, my little defective... er...detective? I've been searching the kitchen... found some interesting items, too. Baked ham...raisin bread...olives peach pie...and a short beer...what was it you wanted?

MOL: Me husband thought it might be a good idea to go thru all the rooms.

BLOT: Yes yes...very fine idea...might catch a couple of rumors ...YES YES...VERY FINE IDEA...GO RIGHT AHEAD...IF YOU WANT ME FOR ANYTHING...I'LL BE RIGHT BEHIND MY THIRD PIECE OF PEACH PIE...

DOOR SLAM

FIB: I'm afraid he dont take this murder serious, Molly.

MOL: He's probably one of those people who peeks ^{at the end of the} to see how ^{it comes out.} *at the end of the* it comes out. What room do we take first?

SOUND FOOTSTEPS:

FIB: Come on upstairs...I wanta see old Checkstubs room.

MOL: Which room is it McGee?

FIB: This is it right here Molly.

DOOR OPENING

will just look around

MOL: SCREAM...OHHH MCGEE...LOOK. There's somebody under the bed!

FIB: COME OUT O' THERE YOU...I GOT YE COVERED...One side, Molly.

SOUND: (COMMOTION)

FIB: All right bud - don't make no false moves -- now face the window and lemme get a good look at ye!

HUGH: What is this - a holdup?

MOL: McGee! It's Chester Checkstub himself!

FIB: Well for the --- (LAUGH NERVOUSLY) What you sleepin' under the bed for Checkstub.

HUGH: I wasn't sleeping you idiot. I dropped my collar-button.

MOL: Well we found a note that says you'd been taken for a ride.

HUGH: Taken for a ^{ride} -- whaddye mean a note ~~that says~~?

FIB: Here -- it says. Am being taken for a ride by Boss of Underworld ~~on that -- (LAUGHS) That's only part of it here --~~

HUGH: → ~~On that -- (LAUGHS) That's only part of it here --~~ put this piece with it. It says, Am being taken for ride by Boss of Underwear department. ~~He refuses to ride in my car until somebody finds body squeaks. Ask help to make sandwiches and coffee if not back before midnite. Chester Checkstub.~~

That note just said I was going for a ride with one of my employees.

File: Employees -

Hugh: yes - the Boss of the Underwear department

Fib: The underwear!

Mol: Did you pull a bloomer

MOL: (LAUGHS) Whaddye think ~~o' that, McGee.~~

FIB: Well aint that a heck of a note!

ORK: CHASERAPPLAUSEWIL: COMMERCIALORK: "AFTER YOU'VE GONE"APPLAUSEORK: MCGEE THEME...DOWN FOR TAG GAGTAG GAG:

MOL: Well, McGee, let's see if we can detect a good movie to go to.

FIB: Shucks - there's only one good picture in town - "Mary of Scotland" and I've seen that -

MOL: Was it good

FIB: Good! Say I suffered all thru it.

MOL: From heartburn?

FIB: No -- Hepburn!

MOL: Good nite, all.

FIB: Good nite!

ORK: MUSICAL TAG

APPLAUSE:

WIL: SIGN OFF. (IF NOT TOO MUCH TROUBLE PLEASE MENTION RED NETWORK.)

entmci 8/22/36
11:00 AM

a good movie

in town - "Mary

PLEASE MENTION RED

III - # - # - #

II - # - # - #

II - # - # - #

Adams - Cliffham - finished also soon

I Hudson - Red to see you back

Hudson Stano the Group

Red } Lequar cabinet
 } send man

Karl Dammant - Roman?

ADVERTISER B. C. JOHNSON & SON

PROGRAM TITLE "FIBBER MCGEE AND

CHICAGO OUTLET WMAQ

(7:00-7:30 PM)
(11:00-11:30 PM)

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

H.C.

*500
parted*